Black Ink In The Moonlight

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Black Ink In The Moonlight

by SpookedBlue

Summary

A collection of Hannigram ficlets that have been sitting on my laptop gathering dust, which I think should be posted. Most of these are, and will probably remain, unfinished. I may come back to one if I like it enough, but this is just a place for various ficlets and drabbles that I won't be extending.

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Latest chapter: A Halloween oneshot where Will is a slasher movie final girl and Hannibal is very intrigued by him.

Notes

I will being posting drabbles every few days until I have posted all of my current ficlets. More tags will be added as more ficlets are. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will Is Fed Up (Crack Treated Seriously, Humour, Hannigram)

Will took a careful step out into the fresh air. He was free. With each step he left the dank BSHCI behind him. He knew he would have to deal with the current situation, but for now he just wanted to go home to Wolf Trap and hug his dogs. Maybe sleep for a full day and drink shitty whisky. Pretend Hannibal "the Chesapeake Ripper and all out asshole" Lecter didn't exist for a day. In this moment, he could just breathe in the decaying scents of autumn and feel the cool breeze ruffling his hair. He'd missed the outdoors.

He called a cab to take him to his house, knowing his car was probably still at Quantico. The drive was spent in silence, Will ignoring any attempts at conversation from the driver. He also ensured the window was rolled down, unwilling to be closed off from the world again. It seemed to take forever and yet no time at all before he was back at his little house in the middle of nowhere. He could hear a chorus of barks coming from the house as he paid the cab driver. An unconscious smile tugged his lips. He had missed his dogs.

He opened the door to a flood of furry bodies, each dog barking and wagging their tails as they ran around him. Will laughed and pet all the fur he could reach. He was free. It was finally sinking in, and he had to blink back tears. Which was embarrassing, but the fact he was out of the prison was far too relieving for him to care. Even the thought of the dark cell caused him to shiver. He had never been particularly claustrophobic before, yet he had a feeling that was going to change.

After a few more minutes of petting, Will entered his house to find a note from Alana on the table. It simply said that she had left his dogs in but had been called away. Will scoffed as he read. She was avoiding him. Will sighed, ignoring a further examination of the note in favour of looking around his little house. It looked as though it had been gutted. Clearly no one had bothered to clean up after the FBI investigation.

Will closed his eyes. Ignoring the past few months was not going to be as easy as he thought, not even for a few needed moments. Opening his eyes again, Will picked up the fishing rod lying against a wall. All of his lures had been taken, but he could create a makeshift one. Whistling for the dogs to follow, Will left the house and walked towards the stream nearby. He needed to think.

Wading into the stream while his dogs pranced happily along the banks, Will cast out his line and waited. On the outside he was still, but his mind was racing; his thoughts running wildly. He had been betrayed by one of the only people he considered a friend. All of his other acquaintances believed he was a murderer, and the only one he could convince of his innocence was slaughtered. He let out a bitter chuckle. His life was crazy.

A desperate, extremely stupid thought began to form. Will shook his head at himself, but he couldn't get the idea out of his head; no one believed him anyway, so why did it matter if he went through with it? Hannibal would be the immediate suspect if he protested Will's dumb tactics with murder, so he would be somewhat safe on that front. It was crazy and senseless and he really shouldn't but he couldn't quite seem to stop the grin crawling across his face.

He reeled in his rod without catching anything and gathered his pack together to go back to the house.

Winston brushed against his leg with a questioning bark, almost as if he could tell what Will was thinking and disapproved. Will didn't care. His life was going to be a crazy shitshow one way or another. Why couldn't he have some fun with it?

Hannibal arrived home feeling uncharacteristically giddy. Will was freed. Though the stubborn profiler was sure to be angry with him, the fact that Will was once again free to visit him and talk to him was all that mattered. He would be embarrassed by his own behaviour, but he had long ago decided to embrace what brought him joy. Will was one of those few things.

Walking up the steps to his house, Hannibal opened his front door only to halt in the hallway. There were minor disturbances he could identify immediately that meant someone had broken into his home. A careful sniff of the air, however, brought a small smile to his face. The familiar scent of dog hair, bad aftershave and what he could only describe as the wilderness that was uniquely Will. He was loathed to admit it, but he had missed that smell. It had been covered up by generic soap when he had visited Will in the BSHCI.

Discarding his coat, he entered the kitchen. He had believed that Will would be hidden in an attempt to ambush him, but instead the profiler was lounging in the centre of the kitchen, leaning casually against the island. Hannibal raised an eyebrow, but greeted, "Hello, Will. It is nice to see you."

"I'd say it's nice to see you too, but I'm trying out this great new idea called not lying, so instead I'll just say hello." Will's sharp, sarcastic tone was hardly a surprise, but it disappointed Hannibal nonetheless.

"So why come to visit, if not for a social call?" Hannibal pondered, grabbing two mugs to make some coffee. Will may be unhappy with him, but he would still be a good host. Will accepted his coffee with only a nod of thanks, which Hannibal took as a good sign.

"I'm here to give you a warning, I suppose. Consider it a formality."

Hannibal gazed at Will warmly over his coffee mug. Even when he was furious, Will was lovely. "Oh? Is this about the reckoning you promised?"

Will snickered, surprising Hannibal. What could his cunning boy be up to? "In a way. I've technically already told you, but I'll clarify. From here on out, I'm going to be telling the truth. Blatantly. If my life is going to be wave after wave of crap, I'm going to go with the current instead of fighting. You'll see, I suppose." Will took a long swig of his coffee, looking caught between smugness and concern at himself. Hannibal was honestly thrilled. His dear Will was clearly done with the games and deceit, was ready to face the truth head on. Whatever Will had planned, Hannibal could hardly wait to experience it.

He supposed some of his adoration appeared on his face, as Will frowned at him. Hannibal simply smiled, and stated, “I suppose I will, dear Will. I’m excited to see what you have planned.” Will looked surprised at Hannibal’s mild reaction, causing Hannibal’s smile to widen. Despite everything, Will still had things to learn about Hannibal, and he would gladly let those walls down for Will. “Finish your coffee, Will,” Hannibal ordered. Will obeyed with a glower on his face, which Hannibal captured in his memory palace to draw later. Will was truly adorable when he was mad. Or happy. Or doing anything, really.

Will set his coffee mug in the sink, gave Hannibal a tight nod and left the house. Hannibal savoured the memory of the encounter, the sight of Will in his element once again. He almost dropped his coffee mug as a revelation hit him, one so obvious he couldn’t believe he hadn’t realised it before. He was in love with Will. Deeply in love. He placed down his own mug and walked through the house until he reached his harpsichord. As he picked up a half-composed song that he had abandoned when Will was imprisoned, he smiled.

Will strode out of the store, his purchases stowed away in a branded plastic bag. What had started as a stupid idea had taken on a life of its own, and he honestly didn’t even regret it. He wondered briefly if he had gone crazy in the BSHCI but dismissed the idea. He wasn’t crazy. He was absolutely fed up. Though if he was crazy, he was blaming Jack.

His phone rang, and Will looked at the caller ID only to sigh. Speak of the devil, or even think of him apparently. He remembered his conversation with Hannibal where he had defended Jack from that very accusation, only to snigger as he realised the unapologetic irony of Hannibal’s words. Suddenly his mind was buffeted with various sentence fragments from Hannibal and he barely stopped himself from laughing like a loon. That cocky bastard sure made a lot of cannibal jokes for a serial killer in hiding.

Turning his attention back to his phone, Will picked up with a weary, “Yes, Jack?”

“Will, we need you down here now. There’s been a murder.”

“Wow, how surprising,” Will muttered under his breath.

“I’m going to ignore that, and text you the location now.” Jack hung up.

Will muttered a curse at his phone, checking his texts only to realise in surprise that he vaguely recognised the location as Chilton’s house. Already he could feel a faint sense of resigned exasperation. It was going to be one of Hannibal’s, wasn’t it? A crazed smile stretched his lips as he realised it was the perfect time to put his stupid plan into effect. He returned to his car and rifled through the bag of freshly purchased items. He considered each briefly, before holding up his chosen item. This was going to be fun.

Will made a quick pit stop to change clothes before heading out to the crime scene. When he got there, he immediately recognised Hannibal’s Bentley among the sea of generic police cars. His back straightened as a mischievous twinkle entered his eyes. This was going to be fun.

He strolled languidly into the house, ignoring the brutally displayed corpses in favour of making direct eye contact with Hannibal. He watched as the doctor's eyes lit up upon seeing him, which he decided to ignore the ramifications of for now, and then began to trail down to his shirt. It was with a satisfied smile that Will saw Hannibal's eyebrows shoot up, and his body stiffen.

Will was wearing one of several custom printed pieces of clothing. This one was a simple black T-shirt, with blood red text that proclaimed, "Life sucks, and then you find out your best friend is a cannibalistic serial killer." Below the text was a generic cartoon of the Wound Man, ensuring no one could misunderstand which killer he was talking about. He had a customary flannel shirt on over it for warmth, but he ensured the text was clearly visible.

Will carefully examined Hannibal's face for a further reaction, but he had already schooled his features into an impassive mask. As Hannibal approached him, Will picked up only amusement from the stoic man. "It's nice to see you consider me as close as a best friend, dear Will," Hannibal stated, a small smile threatening to break onto his lips.

Will frowned in return. That was not what he had wanted Hannibal to focus on. "So, you admit that you're the aforementioned serial killer?" Will questioned in return.

"I admit that you clearly consider me as such." Will scowled. He had doubted Hannibal would fall for that, but you couldn't blame a guy for trying. Before Will could reply to their verbal sparring match, Jack stalked towards the pair, clearly ready for Will to examine the scene, whether he wanted to or not. But as he saw what Will was wearing, and who he was standing next to, he did a double take and stopped in his tracks.

"Will, what on earth are you wearing?" Jack bellowed, clearly assuming the stuffy Doctor would take offense to Will's blatant rudeness. And in any other circumstance he was probably right, Will admitted.

"Clothes, Jack. I know, I'm surprised too." Jack glared at Will.

"And why are you wearing clothes with… that printed on them?"

"Wow, Jack, I know flannel isn't for everyone but it's cold."

"Will!"

"Yes?" Jack practically growled at his reply, and Will gave himself a metaphorical pat on the back. "Now, unless you want me to strip naked, which I shouldn't have to say would be a pretty big violation of our work agreement, I'm going to go examine the scene." And with that, Will strode off towards the corpses, leaving Jack flabbergasted and Hannibal holding in chuckles behind him.

He could tell even without empathy that this was Hannibal attempting to frame Chilton. It was obvious. Mostly because Chilton was no way near smart enough to be the Chesapeake Ripper, never mind that he knew for a fact that it was Hannibal. As he already knew everything he needed to about the crime scene, he simply listened in to Jack desperately

apologising for his shirt. Hannibal brushed it off, stating some crap about it being Will's 'coping mechanism' as if he didn't know the truth.

Will scowled and turned back to Jack. "Well, it's the Ripper, no doubt about that."

"Then Chilton is the Ripper?"

"No. You're currently apologising to the Ripper in case I hurt his feelings."

"Will!" Jack hissed, but Hannibal put up a hand to stop him.

"No offence taken, Jack. Will is clearly just having a hard time coping. I recommend he should come back to having conversations with me, to show him that I am not the monster he believes me to be."

Will scowled at Hannibal and crossed his arms stubbornly. "As if-"

"I believe that's a wonderful idea, Dr Lecter."

Will turned on Jack, his mouth agape. "Jack, you cannot-"

"Actually, Will, I can. I am ordering you to go back to having conversations with Dr Lecter. If you don't you will, how did you phrase it? Be in violation of our work agreement, and I will fire you." Will glared at Hannibal, noticing the smug tilt of his head.

You win this round, Dr Lecter, Will cursed internally. But don't count yourself victorious just yet. Will gave a tense nod to Jack, but muttered as he passed Hannibal, "You're so sly, but so am I." He got a brief glimpse of Hannibal's vicious grin. But Will had some tricks left up his sleeve. And Hannibal would not win this game of theirs.

And thus ends drabble one! If anyone is curious, heres some shitty shirt ideas I had for Will: don't eat me, my anxiety makes me stringy. Will is friend, not food. The Chesapeake Ripper framed me for murder and all I got was this Tshirt. The Chesapeake Ripper may be an artist, but he definitely isn't starving. One that just says IT FUCKING RHYMES. Will gets a matching set and gives Hannibal one eg somehow im (not) the murderous one.

The Ripper Protects Will (Hannigram, Hurt/Comfort, Fluff)

Chapter Summary

When Will almost gets killed by Abel Gideon due to his encephalitis, Hannibal realises that he cares about Will more than he'd anticipated. This leads to him deciding he will protect Will as the Ripper.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stumbled through the snow, only one thought sticking in the cloudy mess that was his mind. Alana. He had to save Alana. Despite the cold, his body felt boiling hot. He was vaguely surprised he wasn't melting the snow.

He caught a glimpse of Abel Gideon up ahead, the man's outline wavering as though he was incorporeal. Will raised his gun with shaking hands and shot at the figure. The bullet went wide, hitting the snow. Gideon turned to him, and his face was covered in shadow. Will froze, sweat dripping from his forehead. The creature from his dreams had superimposed itself over Gideon. It wasn't Gideon himself, but it was controlling him.

The world seemed to shudder, and then Gideon was right in front of him. Will's eyes widened, but his body felt like it was being sucked into the snow with unbreakable force. He couldn't even struggle. His body swayed without his permission and he felt a strong blow to his head. The last thing he saw before black overtook his vision was a sickly giddy smile on Gideon's face.

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Will woke to rough ropes scratching against his skin. He blinked, realising he was tied to a chair. He raised his head to see Abel Gideon lounging against a rusted steel table in front of him, grinning as he realised Will was awake.

"Hey there, Mr Graham. Glad to see you up. You're not looking the best, but that's okay. You won't need to worry about that much longer." Will struggled to keep his thoughts straight. His head felt like treacle.

"Alana," he managed to force out. The words felt clumsy on his tongue. "What did you do to Alana?"

Gideon raised an eyebrow. "Such a loyal friend, Mr Graham. She's fine. I took you instead. I'm sure the Ripper will thank me nonetheless, considering he sent me, and therefore you, in her direction in the first place. Perhaps he'll even unscramble what all the others did to my

head.” Will could barely hear the words past the ringing in his ears, but he managed to pick up that Alana was safe. Whatever happened to him didn’t matter. He’d protected Alana.

Gideon perked up, staring at something past Will’s head. Will attempted to turn to see what he was looking at, but only accomplished forcing the ropes to cut into his wrists. He flinched as Gideon said, “Oh hello! Have you decided to watch me take care of your problem for you?” Even with his muddy mind, his blood ran cold. There was only one person Gideon could be talking to. The Ripper.

Will’s breathing sped up as no reply came from the presence behind him. He could hear soft footsteps, feel the air behind him displaced by movement and see the excitement in Gideon’s expression. He knew that even if he could see the Ripper, he would be the creature from his nightmares. Oily black, antlered and predatory.

The footsteps stopped just behind him. Will strained against the ropes mechanically. He knew he couldn’t escape. But he had to try. He stilled in surprise when a flower was dropped into his lap. The surprised second where he stared at the purple flower was all the Ripper needed. There was a sting at his neck, and he managed to turn just enough to see a gloved hand pressing down the plunger of a syringe.

He attempted to flinch back from the drug, but it was too late. The Ripper had already emptied the contents of the syringe into his bloodstream. He could almost feel it oozing through his veins, soothing his spinning mind in a deceptively delicate manner. His struggles against the ropes began to lessen, his limbs too heavy to move properly. Between the long, weighty blinks of his eyes he could see Gideon’s confused expression. The gloved hand of the Ripper began to stroke through his hair gently, sending a shiver down his spine, before the liquid in his blood washed over his mind and he could think no more.

*

Will woke to the sharp ringing of a cell phone. His forehead creased as he attempted to raise his head. His hands instinctively went to rub at his bleary eyes but were restrained by the ropes still secured tightly around his wrists. His mind snapped instantly into reality. The Ripper had been here.

When Will finally took in the room, his eyes widened. The Ripper had not just been here. He had created his art. Gideon was presented in front of him, the still ringing phone clutched in his dead hands. The most notable thing, however, was his lack of a head. Instead, what looked to be a clock had been placed on his severed neck. A pattern of purple flowers- the same type as the one which the Ripper had given to Will- laced his body, presumably hiding the Ripper’s trademark severe mutilations.

As Will examined the body further, he realised the head was not missing. Instead, it had been placed to the side, hanging over the low burning coals of a fading fire. The skull was sliced open to reveal the brain and, if Will had to guess, he would say that had probably been done before Gideon had died. With another glance at the clock that had replaced the head he realised the hands of the clock were actually two different flowers, completely the macabre yet beautiful piece.

Will shook his head at the thought. He hadn't thought a Ripper piece in the flesh, so to speak, would affect him so much. It disgusted him. He wasn't looking at it as a murder, but as an art piece, a sculpture from an unusual medium. He felt awe instead of fear. Attempting to claw his way out of the Ripper's entrancing mind, he turned his attention to the phone.

It had stopped ringing briefly but started up again almost immediately. The phone revealed it to be an unknown number, but Will knew it was Jack, just as he knew this piece was a gift for him. Gideon was too far away for him to answer, so he simply grit his teeth and ignored the noise. Jack would have Bev locating him. He would be found soon.

He could try to use his empathy, but the drug was still lingering in his mind. His eyes were getting heavier with each passing moment. He gave up resistance. Jack would wake him when he arrived. For now, he would just sleep.

He blinked awake in what felt like no time at all to the sound of his name being called. It would seem the FBI had arrived. "Over here!" he called in a hoarse voice. The first to burst open the door of where he was being held was Jack. Will couldn't see him, unable to turn around as he was, but he could tell from the man's heavy steps.

Jack strode in to Will's field of vision, but he was facing the corpse of Gideon. Will could practically feel the anger, the hatred, in Jack's head as he realised that he had missed the Ripper. As Jack turned on him Will's stomach dropped. He knew what Jack was going to ask and he had no answer.

"Did you see him? Did you see the Ripper?" Jack demanded. Will licked his dry lips anxiously, but a saviour came in the form of the rest of the FBI.

"You might want to untie him before you start the inquisition, Jack. He isn't looking too good over there," Beverly said. Will held in a sigh of relief. The rough ropes had been digging into his skin. Jack scowled at Beverly's phrasing, but began to untie the tight knots of the ropes binding Will to the chair.

When Jack had finally finished Will stood, intent to shake the numbness of his limbs. Instead he knees gave out and he only kept on his feet by grabbing on to the edge of the chair. "He drugged me," he managed to mumble. Beverly helped him up to his feet until he managed to stand on his own.

"Are you strong enough to look?" Jack asked. Despite his fears, Will nodded. He needed to know. He knew he looked terrible, but Jack seemed satisfied as long as he was going to attempt it. Will didn't even bother clearing the room. The Chesapeake Ripper's mind was so alluring he knew he wouldn't get drawn towards anyone but the intended target.

He let the pendulum swing behind his eyes.

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This was a message. And an apology gift. He was worse than I had intended, bad enough for someone like Gideon to attack him successfully. It threw a wrench in my plans. It made me realise I want to keep him. No matter what.

I drug him to protect myself, and to help him, but I present him a small apology nonetheless. He wouldn't want to witness me yet. But he will. I can't resist gently brushing my hand through his hair. As I advance on Gideon, I can tell he doesn't understand. No one does. No one but him ever could.

But it works to my advantage. Gideon doesn't suspect my motives until it is too late. I start with my usual strikes, removing some of his organs more to confirm that it is my work than for my usual desires. But I will make use of them. After all, he will need some nutrition to recuperate from his illness. Gideon is still alive when I cut into his head to reach his brain.

I set up the fire to try to let him know what is wrong. He probably won't understand it yet. But when he does, he will know I tried to help. It is also a little joke, a hint towards what I do.

I place the clock as a hint and to convey my meaning. I take out the hands for flowers, specifically chosen to convey my feelings. That I will wait for him, that I will watch out for him. That, from now on, I will not let him come to any harm. I will protect him. I have all the time in the world for him to accept that.

Finally, I cover my cuts with more signs of apology. I did not mean for him to get hurt. I will no longer let him be hurt by me or by anyone else. He is mine. Mine to protect. Mine to cherish. Mine to love. And now he will know he belongs to me. This is my design.
-

Will stumbled away from the corpse as he came back to himself. This was not good. Yet he couldn't control the small spark of warmth in his chest that someone cared about him. That was even worse.

"It's the Ripper, obviously," he managed to force out. "All I saw before he drugged me was a gloved hand. He didn't speak. But this is a message for me. He, um, he's apologising. I think there's something wrong with me, and he knows what it is. He's claiming that he's going to- to protect me from now on. The flowers are an apology and a promise of waiting and protection. I think I'm in trouble, Jack," he rasped, turning his attention to the man for the first time.

"The Ripper knows who I am. He knows about my problems and he thinks he knows what the cause is. And he thinks I belong to him." Will swayed as the ramifications began to hit him. The ringing in his ears began to intensify, and he could see Jack's mouth moving but couldn't hear the words. One last realisation hit him, and he could barely hear his own words as he spoke, "The organs. He's eating them." The last thing he caught was Jack's startled expression before his vision was overcome with black and he collapsed to the ground.

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Will woke to the steady beating of a heart monitor. He was in hospital. Taking in a deep breath, he realised that he was feeling better than he had in months. His constant headache was gone. The slightly nauseous feeling that he hadn't even realised existed was tempered. He blinked his eyes opening, repressing a groan as lights shone in his eyes.

He realised with a start that he wasn't alone. Hannibal was seated in a chair beside his bed, and he stood when he realised Will had woken up. "Easy, dear Will. You're alright. You've simply had a rough few days," Hannibal murmured to him.

"Dr Lecter? What happened? The last thing I remember was- was Gideon. The Ripper's gift."

"You collapsed at the crime scene. You were brought to the hospital while Uncle Jack briefed us all on what had happened. When he relayed what you had proposed at the crime scene, about the Ripper knowing what was wrong with you, I realised it may be suggesting a fever of some kind. You have been through several scans, and it was discovered you had Encephalitis," Hannibal informed him, and Will took comfort in his calm, even tone. Anyone else would have panicked, therefore panicking him. Not Hannibal. His natural disposition was reassuring.

Will processed this information. "How long have I been out?" he asked.

"A few days. Your treatments have begun, but you will need to keep on them for quite a while." Will nodded. Before he could get too trapped in his thoughts, Hannibal continued, "I have brought some food for you, dear Will." Will instantly perked up, blushing when Hannibal chuckled at his reaction.

"Your food is delicious, okay? Don't judge," he defended good naturedly, rolling his eyes when Hannibal's expression became smug. Will tucked in the second Hannibal passed him the food. As the two men ate, Will took the opportunity to ask a few more questions.

"What did forensics get from the Ripper scene? I'm presuming nothing."

"I'm afraid you are correct, dear Will. The Ripper was meticulous as always." Will nodded, completely unsurprised. He hadn't expected anything and, if he was going to be honest with himself, he hadn't wanted them to have found anything. He would have been disappointed if the Ripper was caught so easily.

He caught Hannibal speculative look and waved him on saying, "Go ahead. You can ask."

To Hannibal's credit, he didn't even pretend to hide his interest. "What did you pick up from the Ripper scene?" he asked.

"Didn't Jack tell you what I said?"

"He did. But I would prefer to hear it from you. You have quite a way with metaphor that allows me much deeper insight into the motivations of those you empathise with than Jack's retellings could ever convey."

"Well, I don't blame you. The Ripper is… beyond fascinating," Will admitted in a low voice, unsure if he should be sharing such a morbid thought. However, Hannibal's only reaction was a soft, proud smile, as though Will's honesty had awarded him great satisfaction and Will allowed himself to relax. Hannibal wouldn't judge him for such things. Hannibal understood him.

There was a short, comfortable silence as Will gathered his thoughts, wanting to ensure his description of the Ripper was as accurate as possible for both Hannibal's benefit and his own. "There is a lot of official words for what can drive someone to kill," he began slowly. "Crimes of passion. Irresistible urges. We class the Ripper as a psychopath only because we don't understand him. Nothing forces him to kill, he simply enjoys it. He believes the pigs he slaughters deserve it. He shames them in his art."

With a quick glance at Hannibal, Will elaborated, "Because that's how he sees it. Art. And like any good artist, his work is always evolving. This is a new stage; he has a new muse. The Ripper has killed far more than he ends up making into his art. Because it's not a compulsion he can change methods, he can even-"

Will cut himself off. His eyes widened as he continued in the rushed voice of realisation, "He can copy others works impeccably. He's the copycat. But why? Why bother elevating Hobbs works to his own standards?" Will's eyes were flickering around the room in his search for answers.

"You said he had a new muse. Who?" Hannibal prodded gently.

"Me. It's, um, it's me. But what does that- oh." Will's eyes shone with excitement as he rambled, "It was a gift, and a test. He was providing me with the answer to Hobbs. He'd heard, somehow, that Jack had me on the team, and he knew of me. He was trying to discover my worth. But somewhere between then and now he's changed. This new piece, it's saying that the trials and the tests are over. He knows what he was looking for, and apparently I'm it."

Will's expression turned into a soft frown. "I'm in a lot of trouble, aren't I? The Ripper has been searching for something and he didn't intend to let it go when he found it. He won't let me go." With his head clear for the first time in months, Will could fully experience the cold shroud of dread that settled in his mind. What extent would the Ripper go to in order to possess him?

The sound of Hannibal's voice startled Will from the beginnings of panic and allowed him to turn his attention to his friend. "I'm afraid you are correct, dear Will. Do you think you need protection? I'm sure Jack wouldn't object to giving you a few officers."

Will appreciated that Hannibal was giving him the choice, rather than demanding. "No," he murmured, "I'll be fine. Whatever he is going to do, the Ripper doesn't want to hurt me. I'm sure of it." Will felt a shiver run down his spine when he realised how reassuring that was. What was wrong with him? Having a serial killer as a stalker should it no way be comforting.

"Of course. It is your choice, dear Will. Though Uncle Jack will no doubt see differently," Hannibal replied with a slight frown. Will waved his hand dismissively.

"Nah, Jack won't force security on me. More likely, he'll try to draw the Ripper out using me. Not that it'd work. The Ripper's far too smart to fall for Jack's tricks." Will noticed the slight brightening of Hannibal's face and laughed at himself. "I know, complimenting the serial killer who's after me is probably weird, but I'm not going to deny the facts."

“Well, if you need someone to talk to about the Ripper, or anything at all, my home is always open to friends,” Hannibal offered, grabbing his coat which had been hanging on the plastic hospital chair.

Will blushed lightly, hoping his stubble would hide it. Now was not the time to be contemplating his mild crush on his only friend. “I’d like that,” he admitted softly with a smile, granting Hannibal proper eye contact to convey his sincerity. He could tell Hannibal appreciated his effort from the small smile tugging his lips.

As Hannibal departed Will sank into the hospital bed. Visits from Hannibal always left him in a good mood. Despite the lingering threat of the Chesapeake Ripper, and the almost more frightening threat of Jack’s interrogation to come, he closed his eyes with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

I might come back to this idea some time, but if I do I plan on rewriting it from the start, so I decided to post this here :) I hope you enjoyed :) (Also I did have the flowers chosen specifically, I can't remember exactly lol, but I think the meanings were apology for the purple flowers and a promise of protection for the ones in the clock)

Cliff Edge (Hannigram, Canon, After The Fall, Hurt/Comfort)

Chapter Summary

A brief drabble from Will's perspective of the fall and immediately after. This was written for my Instagram page @sleepy_anxious_graham for #savehannibalapril4th but I decided to post it here as well. This one is complete unlike the other one shots here.

Will felt like he was flying. Logically, he knew he was falling. He knew he had tipped both Hannibal and himself off of the cliff after finally giving into to the voice at the back of his mind that practically screamed his true feelings for the cannibal. But those brief seconds surrounded only by the streaming wind and the warm hold of Hannibal felt more like freedom than anything he'd ever experienced.

Then came the crash. Plummeting into the harsh waves, sinking deeper and deeper into the icy cold depths. For a moment, Will considered letting it happen. Considered allowing the current to drag him down and destroy the darkness that had long since spread throughout his psyche. But the weight in his arms, the skin of the man still clutching him tightly, registered in his brain. He knew with absolute certainty that he could not let Hannibal Lecter die.

It was a difficult task to claw his way back to the surface. Cold was seeping through his body, freezing his muscles and sending sharp spikes of pain through his nerves. His legs were weak from blood loss and pain. His lungs were aching. And yet, he continued, all for the sake of the man held as tightly to his chest as Will could manage. Hannibal was still, having taken the brunt of the impact, and his warm skin was rapidly cooling beneath Will's own frosty fingers. Fear for the life clutched in his arms, the life he had tried to take just moments ago, pushed him further than determination ever could.

Breaching the surface was like a rebirth. The world seemed to spin again, noise filtering back into his ears and sensation returning. He could feel the striking pains and frigid cold sharper than ever. But beneath all that, he could feel Hannibal. Gasping deeply, Will struggled keep both Hannibal's and his own head above the waves. The only sign of life in Hannibal was the clouds of icy steam from his breath on the air and the water dribbling from his mouth, but that was enough.

Paddling as strongly as he could, Will slowly made his way to the water's edge. A craggy beach of rocks was within sight when Hannibal slowly began to twitch in his grip, returning from the unconsciousness that had almost dragged him to death. Will only held him tighter.

Hannibal coughed, a small amount of water coming up from his unconscious breathing under the waves. Will could feel every vibration in Hannibal's chest echoing into his own, as though the sensations belonged to both of them, as though they were one and the same.

The two reached the shallows, pulling themselves onto the beach through sheer willpower. Will collapsed the second they were safe from the waves, breathing heavily but still holding tightly to Hannibal, as if afraid that he would slip away into the waves once again.

Silence lasted briefly while the two men caught their breath. Finally, Hannibal moved slightly, pulling back to look Will in the eyes. Immediately, unable to control himself, Will's grip tightened, unwilling to let go for even a second. Hannibal smiled, a small yet unbearably sincere thing, and lifted his own hand to gently cup Will's face. A reassurance. A reciprocation. A gesture of what could only be described as love.

"You saved us." Hannibal's words were only a whisper, yet it seemed to echo endlessly around the small beach. Will had saved them. But his only thought had been for Hannibal. Despite his words, despite his intentions, he couldn't let the cannibal die. Here, on this wild beach filled with rocks and their shared blood, Will could finally admit his feelings. He could finally name them.

"I couldn't let you die," he whispered in return, his eyes locked on to Hannibal's own maroon ones. Warmth flooded those eyes, somehow bringing out each fleck of colour in their brightness. Or maybe Will was just that infatuated that he was noticing each and every colour.

He looked at the man lying next to him, the man his heart had always ached to run away with, the man who had haunted his mind and dreams since the day they met. He felt like he was on a precipice, another cliff edge to throw himself off. And he knew, just like last time, he wouldn't hesitate.

The space between them was so minuscule that it was unbelievably simple to cross it, even with all of his injuries. He could see Hannibal's eyes widening, a potent mix of disbelief and terrible longing, before his eyes fluttered closed and he gently pressed his lips against Hannibal's. It was strange, both of their lips wet and salty from the ocean, and colder than any kiss Will had experienced before. But it settled some wild thing in his chest that had been aching for years, had been desperate for this smooth press of lips.

Hannibal, though still from shock at first, quickly pressed back in a gentle show of reciprocation. Almost in sync their mouths opened, breaths exchanged and tongues exploring each other in gentle yearning.

Only when Will pulled back for fresh air did he see Hannibal's tears. The other man was smiling, tears running in rivulets down his cheeks. Will brought a hand to his own cheeks, somehow surprised to feel his own tears streaming from his eyes. It felt like an absolution. He stilled as Hannibal brought up his free hand to wipe away the drops in an action that had the hushed tenderness of worship seared into every movement.

He shivered, cold finally registering once again. He tucked his head into Hannibal's chest, a gentle mimicry of his hold from above the cliff edge, and smiled. Despite it all, despite the tears that stained their past or the blood that surely coloured the path ahead of them, Will knew that he would be all right, as long as Hannibal was by his side.

In The Woods Somewhere (Halloween, first meeting, Spooky)

Chapter Summary

After waking from a vivid nightmare, Will goes on a walk to clear his head when a scream from the woods knocks him off his path. What will he find in the woods? And can his memory be fully trusted?

Chapter Notes

This is a Halloween one shot I wrote for my Insta followers!! Loosely inspired by Hozier's song In the Woods Somewhere, it was intended to be spooky and weird but still Hannigramy. Hope you enjoy!

Will shifted in his bed, his covers long since kicked off and replaced with towels after he had woken drenched in sweat from a particularly vivid nightmare. With every blink of his eyes, the dream played out once more. Garret Jacob Hobbs, blood still oozing from his gunshot wounds. His eyes lifeless. And yet, with every blink he moved closer until he was right beside Will, the rancid smell of decaying flesh almost tangible to him, or maybe that was the sizzling, cracking stench of his own cells as they burned from a fever with no source.

He wrenched himself from his damp bed, turning away from the vision of Hobbs only to see Abigail's corpse instead, empty eyes staring at him with accusation, blood slipping almost carefully from the large slice on her neck. The girl he had been unable to save. Fear crashed through him; his breaths panted as he yanked painfully at his hair. It wasn't real. None of this was real. He pressed clammy hands against his eyes. It wasn't his fault.

Eventually, the excruciating pain in his head faded to a mild stabbing, his visions replaced with the blurry sight of his small room and the tangled pack of dogs lying by his fireplace. He stood from his place on the floor, rubbing an exhausted hand over his face. Sleep wouldn't claim him this night. With a sigh and a slowly clearing head, he decided to head outside for some fresh air. Whistling sharply to tell his pack to stay in place, he paced to the door.

Taking in rapid breaths of cool air to clear his palate of the (imaginary) metallic tinge of blood, Will stared blankly into the dark. Blue eyes examining the familiar line and weave of trees in an oft repeated ritual of calm. He began to walk, feet unconsciously following the long-beaten path to the clearing from which he could watch his house and simply be. A boat in the storm. Will the passenger lost to nature's whims.

A scream pierced the coveted silence. Will started, turning wildly, expecting to see another creation of his imagination. But there was nothing. The darkness was still once more. The only movement was the creeping sway of trees in the wind. Another scream cracked the dark. This one distinctly feminine, distinctly human. A voice, edged with raw desperation, shrieking, “Someone help me!”

His mind turned quickly, putting together his experience as a police officer and a hunter to locate the source of the noise. Running towards it, another scream guiding his direction, he didn’t even stop to consider his unprepared state, empty handed and barely dressed. All he knew was that he couldn’t fail another person.

A final scream that cut off into a sick gurgle, close but not close enough, Will pushed against his limits. He skidded to a stop in another clearing, one he didn’t recognise. Not that he noticed. All he could see was the image in front of him, his temples pounding as he took in the sight.

It was a girl. Or, more aptly, a girl’s corpse. But this wasn’t some savage animal attack or brutal assault. The girl was pierced through the middle, held aloft in the air by antlers that stretched from her broken flesh. Will blinked and the picture wavered. No, not antlers. Tree branches. Why had he seen antlers? The branches poked out of her, wood slick with blood that was still dripping. She was posed, arms reaching upwards as if for help or redemption, pleading with some uncaring deity. Only to be impaled in place instead.

A slash of gold flashed through Will’s vision, and before he could even realise what was happening, he had slipped into the mind of this killer. Easy as breathing. He took a step forward, tracing the air around the artwork, keeping care to never touch. This woman had been placed with precision. When she was still alive. Words fell fervently from his mouth, a clandestine reverence coating each whisper.

“You have been elevated. The price for your crimes, your vulgarity, has been taken. In return, you have been made art in flesh, been allowed to glimpse beyond your own petty mind. This is my design,” he finished with a breathy laugh. Sharp eyes roamed the corpse once more, catching the carefully hidden slices where his payment had been taken; where organs had been taken.

A gentle huff of air hit the back of Will’s neck. He startled back to himself, turning to face the sensation even as he stumbled away from the cause and fell down on the damp, leaf strewn ground. In front of him was a stag. Immediately, his eyes caught the wickedly sharp antlers, natural weapons he was sure could rip and rind flesh from bone. Will’s eyes widened as he managed to tear them from the antlers and notice the pelt. The pelt of glimmering feathers. The stag’s coat was formed by row upon row of neat, raven black feathers.

The ravenstag lowered its head and Will flinched, sure he was about to become another carcass in the woods. The stag snorted, in a way Will would almost have called amused if he wasn’t so unbalanced. Will sat frozen as the stag sniffed softly at him. Scenting him. He allowed it to take its full, gathering his mind about him once more. Finally, he lifted his head and caught its deep, brown eyes.

They were crinkled in a startling human way Will hadn't even thought a deer could accomplish. His mind was flooded with foreign emotion. Amusement, satisfaction, curiosity. A profound stab of what he could only describe as hope. Briefly overtaken by the startlingly strong emotions, Will averted his eyes once more. At least there was no hostility.

The stag continued to stare at him, its stance one of expectation. It wanted something from him. As if from some deep-seated instinct, Will raised a trembling arm towards the stag's snout. He paused inches from the stag, and it finished his movement. The stag pressed its silky-smooth nose against his hand. Will stroked gently down the snout, barely able to believe what was happening. The stag closed its eyes, contented by the motions.

Then, the eyes snapped open, certainty radiating from the creature. Before Will could even begin to react the ravenstag lunged, plunging unnaturally sharp teeth into the meat of his wrist, just below his pulse point. Will shrieked, trying desperately to rip his arm away, but the creature's jaw was too strong. It held him, teeth still sunk in his arm, until he inevitably went limp. Only then did it release him, licking the remaining blood from its lips in a satisfied manner.

Blood continued to seep from the wound, though it wasn't as deep as Will had expected. He stared at it in fascination. The teeth marks were distinctly not that of a stag, far too sharp. Finally, throbbing pain shocked his mind back into gear and, as he saw the stag go to take a step towards him, he bolted. Stumbling to his feet, he ran as fast as he could manage in his weakened state. He could hear the roar of the stag echoing behind him as he sprinted between trees and over roots. Only it was not just a stag's roar.

Slowly, the noise began to alter, becoming deeper and hoarser, and yet undeniably more human. If a human could scream loud enough to rupture their own vocal cords, that is. Sweat beaded down Will's face as he panted desperately for air, continuing his mad sprint. If the stag, or whatever it truly was, caught up with him, he would be dead.

His aching legs could only push so far, however. Even as he tried to push harder, he could feel his pace subtly slowing. And that was enough. A weight barrelled into him from behind, slamming him hard into the dirt. He struggled, twisting and turning, but the weight was too heavy to throw. Although, it wasn't, he realised with dawning horror, the weight of animal. No, this was the distinct presence of a human. He stilled, conceding defeat to the creature in his desperate desire to see. It seemed to recognise this, lifting just enough for him to turn on his stomach and face it.

Will's face blanched, his eyes taking in every horrid detail. It wasn't a man, or even a stag on top of him. It was a pitch-black creature, seeming to absorb any speck of ambient light into its oil slick skin. It was sickly thin, with visible ribs and limbs that seemed delicate, although Will would bet quite the opposite, as they trailed off into vicious claws. Antlers loomed above him, antlers he recognised instantly as the stag's, but now attached to a distinctly human face. With high cheekbones, full lips and those familiar brown eyes, it could almost be described as handsome if it belonged to anything else.

Will continued to stare, unable to look away. The creature chuffed, seeming to almost preen, before turning its full attention onto Will. Then it opened its mouth, razor sharp teeth glinting and edged with red. Will watched, horror struck, as the creature spoke. "What a precious find

you are. I will be sure to take great care with you." As Will lay frozen the creature struck again, latching its teeth into the crook of his neck. Will whimpered, finally succumbing to blood loss and lack of sleep and sheer terror. His vision began to fall black as the creature released his neck, a rumble in its chest. His last thought before he was lost, was how strangely right it was for the creature to have such a soft accent.

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Will woke slowly, eyes heavy and unwilling to open. He wanted to stay and relish in the unusual comfort of a cloud soft surface, and gentle hands running through his hair. That thought repeated in his head and he shot up, jumping back from the stranger beside him. The stranger sitting beside him on a strange bed in a strange room. The man chuckled, watching every move and twitch Will made with an intensity he couldn't quite comprehend.

"Where am I?" Will muttered, staring stubbornly at the garishly patterned comforter. He raised a hand to brush back his loose hair, twinging at the pain. The pain. The bite. The stag. He swiftly examined his arm, sharply intaking a breath when he noticed the white bandage wrapped neatly around his wrist. Reluctantly, he raised his eyes to look at the other man. He flinched. Those warm, brown eyes were unfortunately familiar.

"No. No, that couldn't be real," he breathed desperately. The man gave him a soft smile, his lips quirking almost unnaturally in the movement. Will's eyes flickered quickly around the room, and then back to the bandages on his arm. He tore at the off-white fabric, pulling at it furiously, needing to get it off of his arm and see.

"Will," the man chided, and Will couldn't even realise that the man knew his name, "stop. You'll injure your arm even more." The man grabbed his arm, but it was too late. Will had already ripped off most of the bandages and was staring unblinkingly at the bite mark once again oozing blood on his arm. The bite that resembled more that of a human that the stag he remembered, yet entirely too sharp, each tooth mark far too deep and far too wide. He had seen enough bites in his work to know that this was not the bite of a normal human.

He turned wary eyes to the man sitting next to him. The man smiled, a proper smile this time, showing off his teeth that true to the mark, seemed just a touch too sharp. "Well, at least you remember the events of last night. My name is Hannibal Lecter. You are Will Graham, an FBI profiler if I'm not mistaken. And you currently have a fairly advanced case of encephalitis."

Will eyed Hannibal, taking in his ashy brown hair, his deceptively deep brown eyes and his handsome, familiar, face. "First, I will be getting you some treatment. In house, of course. You needn't worry, I am educated. And then," Hannibal grinned widely. He lifted Will's limp hand and pressed a harsh kiss directly onto the freshly reopened bite mark. "And then, I think we shall have a conversation."

Mountain Air (Halloween, horror, Hannigram)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's lung ached, each desperate gulp of air burning his throat. His pace was slowing despite his best efforts to keep up his mad sprint through the snow. If he could just get to the lookout tower, he could potentially get in contact with someone from below the mountain. He could live.

Part of him was bitter, he admitted as he wiped his sweaty forehead only for his hand to come away stained red with blood that wasn't his, that he had even found himself here. He was well aware that the invite to the Verger family's mountain mansion had been due to Alana's pity of him. Pity he had not wanted. The only reason he had accepted was due to not having seen Alana in the decade since they had graduated college together, and some lonely part of him wondering if the spark between them was still there.

Considering Alana's first act had been to introduce him to her girlfriend, Margot Verger, he could firmly assume that it wasn't. Not that he had ended up particularly invested. Alana's pity of him only seemed to have grown in his absence and with every detail of his life he told her it grew more. She had not listened when he told her he was glad the FBI had rejected him. Nor when he said he was content with only his dogs.

Of course, that had all been during the day. When he thought the worst he would have to deal with was awkward conversation and pretending to enjoy himself. Before the first body dropped. Will was the one who had found the corpse in a desperate attempt to escape socialisation. He hadn't seen any of the guests since college and he was actually friendly with only Alana. Wandering the mansion under the pretence of looking for a bathroom had seemed smart at the time.

Until, of course, he had stumbled into the main room of the second floor. Stumbled into the art of a murderer. There, held upright with various gardening tools, stood the corpse of Peter Bernadone, the housekeeper and the only one with access to the emergency electricity. Will had stood, entranced at the sight, for far longer than he should have.

The corpse was beautiful. The tools positioned precisely at the joints, giving the image of a puppet on strings. A precise incision sliced down the dead man's torso, which was stuffed to

the brim with slowly melting snow. It was only later than Will would discover that the snow was replacing several of the man's organs, which had been taken.

Of course, staring at a murder with admiration was not a state Will wanted to be caught in. Ignoring the prickle at the back of his neck, he had backed out and eased the door shut behind him. Following some strange impulse, he had returned to the reunion party without a word of what he had discovered.

The piercing scream let him know when Peter's corpse was finally rediscovered. As the party goers congregated around the body Will nearly scoffed at the horror almost permeating from them all. Intellectually, he understood the reaction. It still seemed somehow sacrilege to respond to such a tableau with no recognition of the beauty.

The flurry of discussion that occurred immediately after was foggy in his mind. Will was focused on the body or, more specifically, what was underneath the body. At the corpse's feet lay a pile of blood stained snow. Snow that had not been there when he had found the body. It was shaped, distinctive enough to remember, as a moth. It was crude, as though done in a hurry compared to the rest of the piece. It was definitely a moth. And it was definitely new.

Will paled. The murderer knew he had seen the corpse. The murderer had likely been in the room with him at the time. If the murderer thought he had seen him, Will would definitely be next on his list. For Will had recognised the moment he had laid eyes on the first corpse that more would follow. This was a serial killer.

He was right, in that respect at least. While the various guests were fighting over what to do, one Matthew Brown had stormed off. His body was discovered not long after, ribs cracked out to make wings of viscera and, once Will had leveraged his near FBI status to investigate and move the body, organs obviously taken. It was all the clues Will had needed to put together the cannibalistic aspect of the killer currently stalking them through the mountain.

What he could not figure out, was why he was not the killer's next victim. Yes, Matthew had been alone, but this killer did strike him as one of opportunity. He would take advantage of them, certainly. But if one could not be found, he was more than capable of making them. So why was Will still alive?

This question haunted him as more stragglers were picked off and the remaining guests split into two groups. He watched as Alana got pulled away with Margot and her brother Mason into what he could only describe as Mason's gang. Will got left with the others, lurking at the edges of the group. Well, group was probably generous. It was him, a smarmy man named Chilton and an irritating woman named Lounds. And Hannibal Lecter.

Lecter was different. Will knew that as inherently as he knew how to breathe. It made him skittish. Knowing people was nothing new him, it was his curse. Hannibal Lecter somehow left him grasping at the edges of his mask, chipping away at the man's facade in a way he had never had too before. It fascinated him. Pulling him in with the gravity of a black hole. The curiosity of what lay beyond the event horizon stronger than anything he had felt before.

That was beside the point. What was the point, was that Will had been left behind by the group. Lecter had seemed contrite, apologising with a soft voice and a glint in his eye. Chilton and Lounds had seemed thrilled to leave him behind. Clearly, he had been deemed most likely to be the killer, which he couldn't fault them for. The three had ran off and Will had waited and tried to fit the information he had into shape.

It was only at hearing Lounds' shrill scream that everything snapped into place. Hannibal Lecter was the killer on this mountain. It certainly wasn't Chilton. And Will was irresistibly drawn to him. Which led to here. Will, running through the snow towards the lookout tower and desperately trying to ignore the foolish urge to turn back and find out what made Hannibal Lecter tick.

If Will was right, Hannibal would have just about finished with Lounds and Chilton's corpses, meaning he should have a fair head start. He slammed hard into the thin metal door of the lookout and, after a few wasted seconds grasping desperately for the handle, he burst through into the tower's base.

The first thing that registered was the lurid red. It was everywhere, splashed and sprayed on every surface. Further in, propped against the wall like broken dolls left abandoned, were Alana and Margot. Eyes glassy, blood still weakly seeping from their wounds. Dead. Crudely, viciously killed.

Will's gaze drifted upwards; his head embroiled in static. Laughing was coming from the top of the tower. He made his way up the steps, barely aware of his movements. At the top stood Mason Verger, covered in his allies' blood and grinning madly at him. "They questioned my

authority," Mason said, as though that explained anything, "and I couldn't let the killer have all the fun!"

Will's gaze blanked. In an instant he was standing before Mason, his clenched fist coming up to collide with the man's face. Mason laughed and laughed as Will continued to beat him, blind with rage. Will only understood why when the knife sank into his side.

The sharp pain only registered on the edge of his mind. Mason's wide grin turned to a frown, clearly not sure why he wasn't reacting. Before the other man could regain his wits, Will had yanked the knife from his torso and sliced cleanly through Mason's neck. Mason choked to death with confused fear in his eyes.

A brief clapping cut through the symphony of Will's harsh breaths. He turned, knowing exactly what he would see. Hannibal Lecter stood at the top of the stairs, eyes glimmering with the first emotion Will had been able to pick up from him. Pride.

"I knew I saw it in you. The radiance of a chrysalis ready to crack. Killer instincts emerging. Oh, but what a kill it was. I saw your recognition of my art, but even I could not have predicted such instinctually brutal beauty." Hannibal took a step closer.

"Why? Why kill here? You're too controlled for this to be random," Will managed to squeeze out as Hannibal took another step closer.

"Why, you of course. I saw something in your eyes the second you walked in, but I couldn't be sure until the first kill. When you saw my work and you not only kept it secret, you observed it. Knew it and through the art knew the artist. I had to know what you would do with your own canvas."

Hannibal had reached Will. For a moment, Will tensed, prepared to move. Hannibal only reached for his hand and eased the knife from his grip. He threw it easily over the edge of the tower, out of range. Hannibal's eyes drifting from the corpse to Will and back again, he raised Will's bloody knuckles and placed a light kiss right on one of the splits in the skin.

"My dearest Will, you did not disappoint. I think I shall keep you."

Chapter End Notes

Happy Halloween everyone!! Okay so I had to post this on Insta and only had 10 slides to do it in so that's why it's mostly tell not show. If any of you wanna adopt the premise or anything that's totally cool with me :p Hope you have a spooky, horror filled night!

End Notes

You are welcome to take any ideas you find inspiration in, though I'd ask that you don't take the writing itself. I hope you enjoy what is written of these little ideas!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!